It is September and the almanac Summer is waning. But the Summer heat we have with us for long weeks yet and the ailing little ones in the tenements will still need your aid.

Don't let the Sick Babies' Fund slip from your mind as August has dropped from the calendar.

## THE EVENING WORLD'S DAILY FORUM.

Signed Editorials on Leading Topics of the Day by Recognized Authorities.

## IMPERIALISM IN CHARITY.

LOUIS KLOPSCH. Editor of the Christian Herald.



MERICANS, whatever be the variations of their religious or political faith, must find cause for pride in one form of our national expansion. Since the time of the Irish

tracted attention as a feeder of the starving-the American ear has been attentive to the cry of every great affliction, and American sympathy, in gracious expansion, has dropped gold and grain into the lap of every hungry and stricken land. Thus American humanitarianism and American

generosity, no less than American statecraft and valor, have fixed upon our young republic the respectful and admiring regard of Europe and the East by means of an invasion with which surely the most captious critic could find no quarrel.

The relief work for India carried on through the Christian Herald is peculiarly American, inasmuch as it is distinctly democratic. The contributions are not those of generous capitalists, who cast a share of their wealth into the hat as we pass it around, but of the great masses-the common people-who are responding promptly. unstintedly and nobly to the pitiful appeal of the hapless Hindoos.

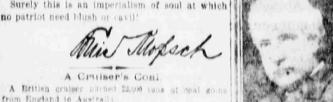
Among the 247,000 contributions, aggregating over \$600,000, we have only one of \$1,000, while we have over 10,000 of a single cent each. Our average is \$2.40 for each giver.

Infancy and old age, the living and the dead are represented in the long roll of honor. Among the contributors is a woman of eighty, who sent \$1.62 which she 'had saved up in a little homemade purse;" a man of ninety-one, who collected nearly \$200 in small sums; a boy of eight, who contributed \$5 he had accumulated to invest in a bicycle; a wee maid who sent the money she had made by "picking huckleberries and doing errands."

The little bank of the lost darling of the house hold; the purse found in a dead mother's pocket; other touching memorial tributes, and many cheerful thank-offerings for the recovery of loved ones and various benign happenines, have been laid upon the altar of India's need, along with the typical contribution which represents a porportion of the income or savings of the average American of moderate means who, in order to be generous, must even deny himself.

In addition to what the Christian Herald has raised, possibly \$400,000 more has been contributed through the various foreign missionary so cieties and the Committee of One Hundred. Hence American generosity has subscribed more than \$1,000,000 toward this beneficent work, and basing our calculation on a population of ke population o 000,000, we find that one and a quarter cents for every man, woman and child in the Union has been sent ten thousand miles away to refleve the distress of a people whose habits, customs and language are strange to us, and whose grateful words of appreciation the contributors could not understand even could they hear them.

Surely this is an imperialism of soul at which no patriot need blush or cavil!



THE HAPPY TIME.

HE men who cannot rest to-day The merry time, the happy time Is never gained by them that was fo triumph and t With nothing more to to

The man who falls his hands to-in-And contemplates with secret The pressing task that a pet away Unfinished till to-morrow . Has neither rest of heart nor mind. For he that looks shead To duties long deleted destroys The sweetest of sweet labeline's love

The man who mises work and play At present and to-merrow, Keeps life's poor little like away And finds few cares to borrow The blissful day in view Is every day for him whose hand Is turned each day to fair deeds, and

-9. E. Klasv, in Chicago Times-Herald.

## THE EVENING WORLD'S SPECIAL SATURDAY EDITORIAL PAGE FEATURES.

TWENTIETH CENTURY MESSENGER

OR, THE MISADVENTURES OF SHORTY M'NABB.—By FERDINAND G. LONG.















Rev. T. De Witt Talmage Says the Human Foot Is a Glory.

ewich and grander than that occupied by any car or sultangand testament of the Earl of Bridgewater for the stumble." Especial charge: twaln he covered his or emperor. On that throne the eternal Christ. In encouragement of Christian literature. And the world thou goest to the house of God," Especial peril: face, with twain he lines surrounding that throne the brightest celestials could now afford to have another Earl of Bridgewater, "Their feet shall slide in due time." Connected with period his feet and with -not the operation, but higher than they the most however idesyncratic, if he would induce some other the world's dissolution; "He shall set one foot on a hospital of jerrony the scraphim. Each scraph had six wings each two goodness of God in the construction of the human. Give me the history of your foot and I will give and King Uzziah had of the wings for a different purpose. Isaisa's dream foot—the articulation of its bones, the lubrication of you the history of your lifetime. Tell me up what

and theological and The most practical and useful lesson for you and of its muscular contraction, the sensitiveness of its about you than I want to know. None of us could we see the seraph spreading his wings over herves. feet is the lesson of humility at imperfection. a do The brightest angels of God are so far beneath God we halt or climb or march. It is the foundation of the paths of worldiness. Our feet, a divine and glorious God, and we so far beneath the seraph in wife and two sons, who complete. Our feet, how laggard they have been in it the toller reaches his work. With it the outraged "Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet" made up his family, he the Divine service. Our feet, how many missieps they stamps his indignation. Its loss an irreparable dis Crimes of the nand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of

cter: which generally! Physiologist and anatomist are overwhelmed at the foot paralysts hath shrivelled ad under the touch of the hand of the Almighty. ise, written by Sir Charles Bell, on the wisdom and majestic. Within that temple; a throne higher was a result of the \$40,000 bequeathed in the last will suffer thy foot to be moved;" "thy feet shall not 

reams of ordinary char- ness and folly they have walked.

exquisite and radiant of the heavenly inhibitants. Sir Charles Bell to write a book on the wisdom and the sea and the other on the earth." and the whole land quivers and flashes with these pinions. Now folded, its joints, the gracefulness of its lines, the ingenuity steps it hath gone, down what declivities and in what hadowed with solemn new spread, now beating in locomotion.

Of its cartilages, the delicacy of its veins, the rapidity roads and in what directions, and I will know more

The seraph so far physical fabric. It is the grace of a God-poised col-With it the warrior braces himself for battle, missteps, so often going in the wrong direction. as a gream-not like the have taken. Our feet, in how many paths of worldli- aster. Its health an invaluable equi

The Bible honors

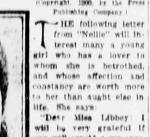
endure the scrutiny.

knows every step, the patriarch saying:

If you want to know its value ask the man whose the foot. Oh, we want the wings of humility to cover or machinery hath the feet. Ought we not to go into self-abnegation office. before the all-searching, all-scrutinizing, all-trying eye

T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

## Libbey



whom she is betrothed, to nearby pleasure resorts when I could get away.

are employed in the same glad to have him go.

where there were to be many of our mutual acquaints surprise him. I wish now that I had not cone. THE following letter saces and several married ladies as chaperons, and from "My lover seemed delighted to see me, and did he could to make things pleasant."

The following letter saces and several married ladies as chaperons, and "My lover seemed delighted to see me, and did he could to make things pleasant.

The following letter saces and several married ladies as chaperons. The following letter saces and several strange your seemed delighted to see me, and did he could to make things pleasant. girl who has a lover to course he would not go, but would remain to take me laddes there. They did not seem very well pleased at these summer hotels who consider every man there

constancy are worth more that he should go, declaring that he needed the stant attendant o her than aught clae in change, remarking in my presence: the She says:

"Of course Neille wants you to go. She is too gensure were glad when I returned. I thought perhaps In regard to his returning home when you did no "Detr Miss Libbey: I crous and has too much good common sense to allow that he would return with me but se had no such inwill be very grateful it you to stay in the not city because circumstances tention, and I came home alone.

you will consider my case, keep her at home.'

My heart is very heavy, try as I will to conquer it, as long as he could we have been and myself. "What could I do but urge him to go? I was really I am afraid I feel blitter and doubt his love. Am I his general health, and arge business house. We "He promised to write me every night, and I was to After reviewing the case carefully, me dear,

a severe illness of my mother, as there was no one I imagined him having a joily time with other girls many difficulties-companions in the room, &c.

my advent. I learned, little by little, through things who is not protected by a wife their legitimate prey "But the young man with whom he chums insisted dropped here and there, that my flance was their con- and proceed to drag him around hitner and thirther,

wrong? Please advise me.

that we could be to"A week passed: I received but two letters short ladies by far too seriously.

ones. I never knew until then that I was of a jealous. In the first place, when one is away from home and will be a case of 'out of sight out of mind' regard At the last moment I could not go on account of disposition, but in my loneliness I suffered hornbly, as its quietude letter writing is often accomplished under the others.

"Last Saturday my aunt came and I could be spared ladies, more than likely they forced themselves upon let alone his heart. 

dancer, no doubt actually insisted upon his teaching "My lover seemed delighted to see me, and did all them. He could not, in that case, refuse to do so without appearing rude and ungentlemanly. There is a class of single women travelling about

whether he will or no. They insist upon his accom-"They looked upon me as an interloper, and I am panying them and will not take "no" for an answer. 'My heart is very heavy, try as I will to conquer it, as long as he could would be a decided benefit to strength for the coming hard work of the winter. I see no reason why you should not have every con-

arranged to have our vago down where he was a day or two, if I could poscations at the same time, sibiy be spared.

obliged to say to you that I think you take your fidence in your good lover, my dear.
lover's little acts of gallantry toward these young. In my opinion your fears regarding possible rivals are entirely groundless. When he returns to you it

These chance acquaintances at summer hotels s

# Harriet Hubbard Ayer Tells of the Right Girl for a Man to Wed.



as to the character tion.

ntw head will prove ex- dition "good daughters for years realize. make good wives.

Beware of the girl who says she hates children.

of girl you want. If you have any bad habits be man enough to sary to make both ends of the affairs domestic meet, daughters were in Europe "as usual"—meaning that suffer their consequences alone. Don't yoke a young, but on the other hand it is well to realize that a kiss each Summer the family went abroad and left him to Then select the girl who happy girl to a drunkard or a profligate.

good health. Don't marry a sickly girl either. Don't lie to a girl about anything face with only a doll's Tell her the straight truth about your financial con-

Don't propose to a girl who attracts you by her A girl who deceives her beauty alone. Unless you find her altogether sympa-down in our tiny parlor every Brussels pattern in the But age is not so important a factor in settling the parents will in turn dethetic as a companion, suited to your every need, stock of the one store in our town, and the day we time a man should marry as other qualifications—eive her husband.

capable of a serious interest in life, you will surely really bought the green body Brussels with the members, physical and financial. sopally neat and well Don't marry a girl unless you know you can pro-A girl who is not per- weary of her beauty.

The way to be sure is to have a steady job, a bank night and putting her arms around my neck, whise one of this type is maddening to reflect upon account and at least a small paid-up life insurance. When you have found a good, sweet girl whom Young couples endowed with health and courage and isn't that carpet a beauty!'
you honestly respect and love, ask yourself what true lovers in the real sense of the word can afford! There was a moment's s

you have to offer her in exchange for her pure affect to dispense with superfluous luxuries and will be all latre suddenly began to talk of his dyspensia and and a cup of cold water make a poor breakfast.

omes as near your ideal Don't ask a girl to marry you if you are not in A millionaire merchant once said to me while we As to the age a man should marry, that depends were seated at his sumptuous table enjoying a dinner supon

"I shall never be as happy again as I was the year really fitted for the responsibilities of matrimony.

Jennie and I saved enough money to buy a new carpet. It is a matter of history that few men of thir

pered: 'Oh, George, darling, I am so happy. And They should ever marry at all. Fortunately they isn't that carpet a beauty?"

There was a moment's silence. Then the million-

the happier for the little economies that are neces- stocks and bonds and incidentally said his wife and do battle with the Frankenstein of wealth.

remely tedious as a life. Treat her with all respect, but don't draw pictures for our parior. I doubt if I ever was so happy before, would, if they could, marry the girl who was their Also of a luxurious future your know your income cannot and I know I never have been since. We saved that ideal at one-and-twenty. After thirty a man has been money dollar by dollar and before we really bought so long accustomed to a life of independence that he the carpet we had in imagination selected and Liid finds it difficult to adapt himself to a menage a deux.

> tallions of flowers we reached about the some of Some men are born apparently with natures that make them tiresome companions for an hour, unsupmake them tiresome companions for an hour, unsup-'I remember my wife woke up in the middle of the portable for a day, and a matrimonial existence with

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

### of High Scandals $\mathbf{W}$ ido $\mathbb{W}$ Magoogin Newport. all



loidees, payther.

said the widow, "an it's that yet.

WHISPER, Mrs. McGaggerty, but Of railly an throoly blished to the thing an uvrything, Mrs. McGlaggerty. It's money nowadays, me frind. They are roomin society up there. MoGlaggerty: Did very roots av me tees fwhin me daughter Toozy read that makes the mare go, me frind, an there's manny an they tell me that anless somebody calls a half ye hear tell yet to me out av the pa-apers as how Mrs. Boomble-Ree a wan av is walkin a long an futsore road for want purty soon, there'll not be enough av the Foor Hundbert left aloive outsoide av the bug-house or the society up in New- ful villa rowth craps or playin forty-folives wid a t about? asked shurt-waist man from Kewbee, an how Mrs. Hollyin toity O'Hars gev a ga-ardin pa-arty to which uvry didn't, an wan was inwoited in thim new-fangled substitutes ivil a wan av me's both- for noight gowns that they calls jimjammies, and rin me head about their that Ol'd no more think av bein seen in public in than said Ol'd wear your man Jurry's pants to the tin o'clock mass to morrow mawrin; an heaven knows, Mrs.
"No, nor me. agrah!" McGlasserty, Ol'm not crazy or ansinsible enough for

very lathe Ol am to spake "Oh, but thim society payple'il do annything, Mrs. out it at all at all, me McGlaggerty they'll do things that nayther you nor rind, but accordin to all me ud over dhrame ay doin, an they have no mor counts in na-arrations, shame or compunction over it than aff they way thim holgh- dhrinkin a glass av olce-wather or saving their hunies at the watherin prayes. But they can affoord to do it, me frind, they active chimselves is simply avgragious have the ducats, an fwhin wan has thim-the ma

me or no as ye may. Mrs. zooma, as my b'y Tammy calls it-wan can do anny

av it.

"An it's money, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that makes the calabose to give a progressive euchre pa-arty, Newpoort mare go, as be the same tokes it's not a Mrs. McGlaggerty. Upon me word, Oi'm sorry mare at all up there, but a hot-to-mody-billy, me for thin, me fyind. Oi'm sorry for anny-frind—wan av thim horseless carriages that goes like the wind without anything pushin or pullin it. Mrz. gin hickeys or alven champagny wather, fwholie the McGlaggerty. Of had a rolds in wan up Brosdway Ditchman across an the cawrner has such foine beer wanst, an the Lord bechuxt is an ha-arm, me frind, to sell. The best thing thim Newpoort heighchunies but me ha-art was up in me mouth an me mouth was can do is give up their moonloight-an-the-say nonfull av dust an melkyrobes uvry fut av the way. Take sinse an their gamblin an ga-arden pa-arties an hotmy word for it, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that aff it ud save to-molly-billies an gin hickeys, an come down to me sowl from purgathory an that's sayin a great Churry Hill to spind their Summers twhere a can av me sowi from purationy—an this said dollars of beer an top av a roof av a hot noight'll taste sweeter that week—nor the next. When she did go all the fored me in tin cints goold palces to roide a block in to thim than the foliast palches an craim that uver mirth and laughter of the Stafford domicile seemed wan av thim things agin, Ord not do it, Mrs. Me- crassed their lips, an'il do thim less ha-arm, be the to go with her. One morning a week after her de-

same token, than the same amount av Croton wather "An spakin av hot-to-molly-billies, me fripd, it's There's nuver a scandal in a glass av beer. Mra Mcthim divil's own things an Ewhiskey cocktails and gin Glaggerty, but the cocktail as the gin hickey's walkin hickeys that is all the go wid the Newpoort bongtongs wid thim, me frind!"

JOHN J. JENNINGS. JOHN J. JENNINGS.

### Afterthoughts Some



from th' Garden Chiseler has had our scraps, an' so has me an' th' stiffin' m' risin' temper, I says t' her:

Chiseler has had our scraps, an' so has me an' th' stiffin' m' risin' temper, I says t' her:

cepisode. When th' fifth round started he sort o' let

Chireday night (th' Blackbird, but there ain't never been a time when we "All this happened months ago, Ras, an' most of us out. He caught th' Kid in th' food repository, an' a our bein somewhat early couldn't be gentlemanly enough t' put our ban's had forgotten th' incident, but Jim hadn't, nor had th' second late th' Kid reminded me of a hamburger briday mornin') me Hag f' th' glad shake, when there was a crowd a hoverin' Kid. When they enters th' ring t'-night Jim has on steak—he was that done up. Never did I see arms go ays to me: about us"
"Chuck," says she, "is y sparrin' f time, or is y' on th' level?" asks

what did y' t'ink o' th'ith' Bag.

"Several months ago," says I, "th' Kid an' Jim
"Ole woman," says I, "it
was th' finest scrap what
ever happened, an' It he has a grievance against Jim, walks up t' him an' sleased me so much that deals him a blow with th' toe of his shoe, which was b have been crowin' an' contrary t' Queensberry rules, an' which hurt. cratchin' gravel all th' Jim was a lyin' on th' floor o' th' restaurant, an' a street down here t' Pell- th' Kid walks out an anneunces t' all Broadeny as un' that's no Buffalo Bill." how he done up Jim, 'Th' public, not being over "Did y' wanter see Jim familiar with' th' facts, gives great heed t' what th' put out th' Kid?" asks Kid says an buys drinks in his place."

Well?" says th' Rag, "what next?" "an', wit' your permission, Th' easy tone in which m' Rag sometimes ad-

th' ticker on th' mantel, which indicated 4 o'clock.
I paid no attention to her remark, deemin' it wiso
not to argue when a lady begins t' look at a ticker to
"Eure," says I, "an' good an' plenty. An' it seems
t' me there was a lot o' 'poetic justice in th' affray."

three o' life fingers out of joint. But th' incident was not pleasin', sa' th' crawd hiesed th' Kid, because it Rag.

It is," says I, an' then we falls to discussin' th' th' hand, an' then try an' make him look like spurious chances o' pullin' off scraps in Connecticut.

dresses me often causes me much annoyance, but, "But Jim got good an' square for th' rectaurant

certain th' time o' day, so I proceeds an' says:

I' me there was a lot o' 'poetic justice in th' affray,'
Jim he goes up an' he holds out his mitt to th' Kid, as Jim Kennedy would say. Corbett couldn't do th' Kid he looks at Jim, and thruns his arms over nothin' with th' Kid in th' restaurant when he was ropes. I guess he suspected that Jim hadn't for- incapacitated by reason of th' Kid's new \$3.50 shoes. sotten th' time when he got th' number 9 an' a haif, an' a preponderance o' waiters, but wit' only Charley
D width, in th' swell restaurant, an' he was afraid White an' th' Kid facin' him he cut more ice than im would grasp his hand and squeeze a couple or Johnnie Carroll will ever see split on the Kennebec.



Stafford pere. He rummaged in an inner pecket.

It's from Godfrey Chester. He writes that the's a nice child, and I'll be giad to have

"A child!" groaned Raigh.

"Youngsters, indeed" cried Dick Does he take us for kindergartners?"

and disinterested fashion. He boasted a flourishing He was study at law. "Eh, but one of you must meet the child!

head of the house. "You'll go Ralph?" "Can't, sir, I'm doing an article on the architecture f the tenth century. It cakes a lot of research. 'Il be all morning in the Newberry Library.'

You. Dick?" "Got a golf match on, Can't make to sie!

Ross laughed leniently. "You note perplayed of Yes, I'll see that the call gets here all

'Good!' said Henry Staffard, with a sigh of relief.

Hut when the western train discorged its at he had undertaken a task of greater magnitude gown, weating a hat with gray feathers. Or-was the

iks that she wasn't on. Dad can wire her people

d find out-I beg your pardon! And he sultenly found

She accepted his analogy with a sead-a vivid blush. Haif way up the stairs glanced back, saw her standing where he had left

gods, what a sweet voice. "T im afraid there has been a mistake. No one has to meet me. May I ask you to call a cab?" And when he had done so, when she had thanked im, when he stood bareheaded on the surbstone as the vehicle rolled away, he recollected that he had not listened to the address she had given the river, and he walked off in a towering rage at his wn imbeellity Tired and disgusted that evening Ross Stafford took

plunge at the athletic club, got himself home brugged himself into his evening clothes, for he was oing out after dinner, and went down to the parlor find himself face to face with the divinity of the ed-gold ringlets and the violet ever Ross, my dear," coold Mrs. Stafford, "let me in-

roduce you to Miss Chester, whom somehow you nanaged to miss this morning. Why, you"---For they were smiling at each other-merrily, sponaneousty. 'Indeed, no. mother!" Perhaps he held the pretty

hand she gave him a little longer than was neces-sary. "I met Miss Chester this morning. Did she not tell you I pot her in a cab? Miss Chester laughed. Ross Stafford laughed. "Lord bless me!" cried Stafford senior, ruffling his hair, "your father said you were a little giri!" "Oh, I shall never be grown up to papa!" Miss Chester.

"He said," stammered the young gentleman who was getting up an article on the architecture of the enth century, "that-that you were a nice child!" "Don't you think," queried Adele Chester mischievously, "that I'm nice?" Whereat Ralph grew guntily red.

The country cousin of the Staffords did not go East that week-nor the next. When she did go all the parture Ralph and Dick said some bitter things when they discovered that Ross had found out he must attend to business in New York, and had left for that

city on the midnight train. And when Ross returned, silent, but smiling and exultant, they were not at all backward about tellng him with true fraternal frankness their opinion of his conduct.

Ross pulled his mustache.
"I assure you in taking my late hasty trip I had only the best interests of my brothers at heart. My sole ambition was to secure you the most charming

sister-in-law in the world! What a Giraffe Skin Costs. A good giraffe skin is worth from \$10 to \$20 in South Africa to-day, and much more in Europe. On a huntng trip ten or fifteen years ago it was a common mat.

ter for one hunter to kill forty or fifty giraffes in one

A Rich Harvest.

Fruiterers have reaped a rich harvest from travelers for Europe this year. The basket of fruit has alnost completely usurped the place of the box of flowers as a farewell gift.

Big Turf Losses.

An estimate of the money lost on the turf throughout the world during each year places the amount at 250,000,000, of which \$50,000,000 is lost on English re